LITERATURE

THE MENTOR

March 1922

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THE ROMANCE OF RARE BOOKS

By Arthur B. Maurice

A Maker of One-Man Books
The Real Bookworm
The World's Finest Theater
Do Climates Change?
The Woman Behind Trafalgar
The Story of Anatole France

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FOR years gas makers were troubled with a sticky substance that got into their pipes and caused them trouble. At first they ran it off into the nearest stream—until the neighbors complained—and then sold it for roofing or gave it away.

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Dr. Slosson has written an important article for The Mentor on "Chemistry in Everyday Life." Don't miss it.

In the April Mentor

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Henry E. Huntington

Noted capitalist and collector of rare books. Mr. Huntington's library at San Marino, California, contains some of the most valuable books in the world, including the Mazarin (Gutenberg) Bible, for which he paid $65,000. Mr. Huntington recently presented his library to the State of California

THE MENTOR

March 1, 1922 *Vol. 10 No. 2*

W. D. MOFFAT, Editor

GUY P. JONES, Managing Editor

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Published monthly by The Crowell Publishing Company at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A.

George D. Buckley, President
Thomas H. Beck, Vice-President
Lee W. Maxwell, Vice-President and General Business Manager
J. E. Miller, Vice-President
A. E. Winger, Treasurer
A. D. Mayo, Secretary

Executive and Editorial Offices, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Subscription, $4.00 a year Foreign postage, 75c extra; Canadian postage, 50c extra Single copies, 35c

Entered at post office at Springfield, Ohio, as second-class matter, under the act of March 3, 1879.

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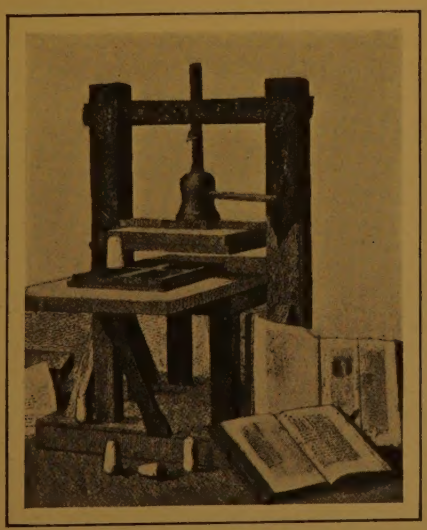
THE ROMANCE OF RARE BOOKS

By ARTHUR B. MAURICE

Former Editor of The Bookman

WHAT makes a book desirable and valuable? With certain qualifications the first and most self-evident reason is its rarity. No matter how odd and curious a volume may be, obviously it would have no value if there were so many copies of it in existence that it might be had for nothing or next to nothing. Rarity is a prime requisite; hence, rare book shops, rare book collectors, and the rare book mania.

But besides rarity there are many things that make a book desirable and stir collectors to competition for its possession. The tastes that determine values are often strange and freakish. There is the orthodox taste which demands beauty with a certain antiquity, and which leans to the product of the famous early presses, such as those of Caxton and Aldus and Elzevir. There is the taste which is attracted by the odd and unusual, such as the smallest book, or the book that has been perpetuated through some curious inaccuracy or blunder. Any one of these things, with rarity, may make a prize book in the market.



First Press Used by Gutenberg
Restored from fragments found in his workshop at Mainz, on the Rhine

To begin with the eccentricities, of which there have been a thousand and one since printing came in in the middle of the fifteenth century. Take Bibles: There are the

The Invention of Printing—Gutenberg Taking the First Proof

Thumb Bible, the Murderers Bible, the Wife Hater Bible, the Discharged Bible, the Camel Bible, the Vinegar Bible, the Breeches Bible, the Leda Bible, the Bugge Bible, and the Wicked Bible. The Breeches Bible, which in fine condition is exceedingly valuable, translated: "Adam and Eve made themselves breeches;" the Vinegar Bible used the words "parable of the vinegar" instead of "vineyard;" the Wicked Bible omitted the negative from the Seventh Commandment. A Belfast Bible, published in 1716, has "sin on more" instead of "sin no more." Blunders made these Bibles valuable.

The Palace of the Escorial in Spain boasted volumes six feet in height by four in breadth. The Thumb Bible contains copper plates, yet is no bigger than a postage stamp. In 1851, Gray's "Elegy," of thirty-two verses of four lines each, was printed in a space of four inches by three. The Midget New Testament, printed in Glasgow, measures three quarters of an inch by one half. Even smaller than this, and probably the smallest of all books, is a volume approximately one half of an inch by one quarter. It was published about 1897 by Salmin of Padua, one of the Lilliputian printers, and contains an unpublished letter of Galileo to Madame Cristine of Lorraine. In 1862 a machine for microscopic writing was invented, and calculations based upon it were said to show that the whole of the Bible can be written twenty-two times in the space of a square inch.

There have been the oddities of color. The "Elegy on the Death of Prince Henry," published in 1613, was printed on black paper with white letters. The "Book of Four Colors" (Paris, 1720) was printed in four different colored inks. The "Book of To-morrow" was printed on various kinds of paper, with different colored inks, the peculiarity of this particular book being the endeavor to suit the paper, ink, and even the type, to the subject of the selection. The author contended that a love poem with light ink on rose-colored paper would make a far deeper impression than if printed in black ink on white paper. Of Babbage's "Specimens of Logarithms" (London, 1831) one single copy was printed. Yet it was in twenty-one volumes, there were one hundred and fifty-one variously colored papers chosen, the following colored inks were used: Black, purple, dark red, light red, olive, yellow, dark green, light green, dark blue, and light blue, and Volume XXI contained metallic printing in gold, silver, and copper bronzes, upon vellum and on various colored papers.

There have been the oddities of

binding, none more gruesome than those involving the use of human skin. Thomas Carlyle said of the French Revolution and of the events leading to it: "There was a man named Jean Jacques Rousseau. He wrote a book called 'The Social Contract.' The French aristocracy laughed at the book, which they called a theory. But their skins went to bind the second edition." He alluded to the tannery that was established for the use of human skin, when the guillotine was taking its daily toll. In the Athenæum Library at Bury St. Edmunds, England, there is a volume bound in the skin of Corder, the Red Barn murderer. At Marlborough House, London, there are two volumes bound in leather prepared from the skin of Mary Patman, a Yorkshire "witch" who was hanged for murder, and another volume bound in the skin of George Cudmore, who was hanged in 1830. Camille Flammarion, the noted French astronomer, had a devoted woman admirer. When she died she bequeathed by will her skin to be used in binding an edition of his works.

Suppression is another contributing element in making the rarity and consequent value of the book. In olden times suppression was usually the result of religious prejudice. The Inquisition elevated many books to a position far above their intrinsic merit. It almost entirely destroyed Grafton's Paris Bible of 1538, with the result that the few copies that escaped became treasures. At the time of the massacre of St. Bartholomew a search was made throughout France for all books of Huguenot tendencies, and those found burned. On the other hand, Henry VIII and Elizabeth of England sent Catholic books wholesale to the flames. But far more curious and interesting is the book which owes its rarity to some strange blunder or inaccurate or indiscreet print. The original monthly

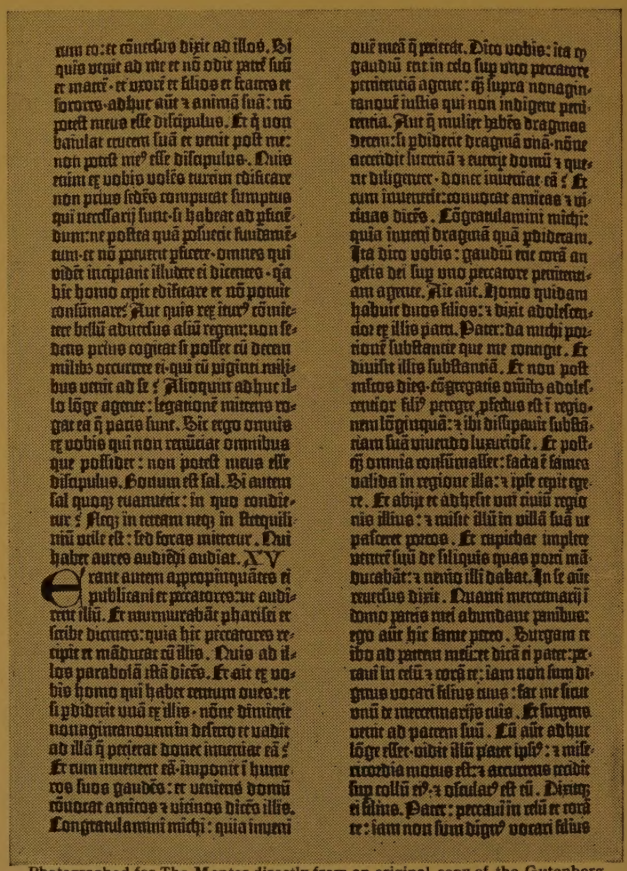
Caxton Reading the First Proof Sheet from His Printing Press in the Almonry, Westminster, London

part form in which Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" was first published contained a picture of the wicked Marquis of Steyne that so resembled a member of the British aristocracy that it is said that proceedings were threatened. At any rate, it was omitted in all subsequent editions. John Leech's design for Dickens' Christmas story, "The Battle of Life," made the grave mistake of supposing that Michale Warden had taken part in the elopement, and introduced him in the scene representing Marion's flight.

All of which makes for rarity. But rarity alone is not the sole standard of value. The one standard of value is demand, and that depends not only on rarity, but on perfection of copy, on subject, on beauty of composition, and upon the repute of the press from which the book comes.

SOME FAMOUS PRESSES

Speak the magic word "Caxton," for example, and the eyes of the real collector will assuredly glisten. Who was this Caxton, and upon what rests his fame? He is generally accepted as the first of English printers. In 1475 he was being instructed in the office of Colard Mansion at Bruges, Belgium. In 1477, or thereabouts, he set up as a printer in Westminster, which is now in the heart of London, but which then was a separate city, linked to London City by the Strand. Caxton's first book bearing a date was the "Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers," finished in November, 1477. Perhaps there were lost books printed earlier, but it was on the "Dictes" that the Caxton quater-centenary in 1877 was based. Other names of old printers with which to conjure are those of Elzevir and Aldus. About a hundred years after Caxton, Louis Elzevir established a press, first at Leyden and later at Amsterdam. About Caxton's time was Aldus Manutius, the great Italian printer. The present age has its Aldine Clubs and Aldine presses, each bearing the trade mark of Aldus, the anchor and dolphin. To Aldus may be traced the "Be Brief" sign of the modern American business office, for his very doors were barred with the inscription: "Whoever you are, Aldus entreats you to be brief. When you have spoken, leave him." Caxton seems destined long to hold his magic sway over the collector's heart; but there is a feeling that of late Elzevirs and Aldines are losing out in interest to the book lover.



Photographed for The Mentor directly from an original copy of the Gutenberg Bible, by courtesy of Gabriel Wells

The Parable of the Prodigal Son (Luke XV)

As it appeared in the first printed edition of the Bible, issued by Gutenberg nearly five hundred years ago. The parable, printed in Latin, begins at the initial letter in the left-hand column

The books of Caxton and Aldus come under the head of "incunabula," which means "cradle books," and which refers to the books printed when the art was in its infancy; that is, roughly speaking, the books printed before the year 1500. In one respect the craft of printing is in striking contrast to all other crafts, which, stumbling from experiment to experiment, achieve the fine result only after a long and arduous process of elimination. Those "cradle books" are

From a painting by Flameng, in the Grolier Club, New York

Grolier and His Binder

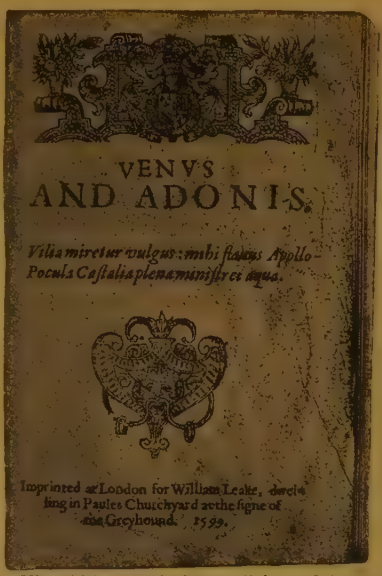
Jean Grolier de Servier, Vicomte d'Aguisy (1479–1565), was a celebrated French book lover of rich family who had a passion for fine books. The picture shows him examining a binding of his own characteristic line-and-panel design at his binder's shop in Venice

about the noblest works that ever were issued from the press. In size they were often two feet high. Says Percy Fitzgerald in "The Book Fancier": "Vellum used for paper, with magnificent effect, or paper almost like vellum in its size and strength; large and brilliant type, capitals rubricated, and wrought by hand with a florid variety; other capitals 'illuminated' in colors, and gold miniatures with bindings to match—such were the glories of the first printed books." The immediate father of type printing was "xylography," which was the art of printing by means of a press from engraved blocks. In the making of a "xylographic" book the matter to appear on each page was engraved as a whole upon a single block of wood, and from this block the impression was taken.

BOOK COLLECTING IN ANCIENT TIMES

The passion for ownership of the rare volume goes back into the mists of history. Measuring in terms of centuries, the invention of printing books is an affair of yesterday. Gutenberg is called the inventor of printing from movable type—meaning separate pieces of lettered type that could be set up to make words and sentences. Whether or not the invention came full-born from the brain of Gutenberg of Mainz, or whether he merely applied more successfully and conspicuously the ideas of other men, does not matter to us. Gutenberg and Laurens Coster of Haarlem, for whom the Dutch claimed

the credit, might never have existed, and the advent of the art would not have long been delayed. It was in the air. Men were working definitely toward it—someone was sure to hit upon it. The invention of printing gave the collector the opportunity of amassing volumes in large numbers. It created no new instinct. Collectors existed from the beginning of time. Printing simply established new values. The Gutenberg Bibles, of which there are very few copies extant, are the most famous of rare books. Yet 1450 A. D., the approximate date of their making, is modern compared to 1600 B. C., and there is actually extant a manuscript that has descended to us from an epoch sixteen hundred years before the Christian era.


VENVS
AND ADONIS.
Vilia miretur vulgus: mihi flauus Apollo
Pocula Caſtalia plena miniſtret aqua.
Imprinted at London for William Leake, dwel-
ling in Paules Churchyard at the ſigne of
the Greyhound. 1599.

The Oldest Existing Edition of Any Work by Shakespeare

At a London sale it brought $75,000, a record price, and is now part of the great library given to the State of California by H. E. Huntington

As there are masters among the book collectors of to-day, there were masters among the collectors of old. Where is the modern efficiency in collecting surpassing that of Ptolemy Soter, who reigned in Egypt in 280 B. C.? His twin library at Alexandria, known as the Bauchium and Serapeum, was in large part stocked by the books confiscated from the travelers who entered the port of Alexandria. He had an argument to satisfy his conscience. Had not those he despoiled shown themselves unappreciative of their treasures by the mere fact of bringing them within his reach? If they came from Greece or Rome his moral position was doubly strong. There were profiteers in Greece and Rome who held the rarest volume in the light of furniture. How that sounds like the charge that is so frequently brought against some of the owners of our own age!

Copyright Keystone View

"Venus and Adonis" Guarded by Police

At a sensational London book sale, an American buyer purchased for $75,000 the only original copy of the rarest edition of Shakespeare. This insignificant-looking little book (title page shown above) was considered so valuable, in terms of both dollars and sentiment, that a London policeman was detailed to guard it while on exhibition before it was sent to America

ANECDOTES OF BOOK COLLECTING

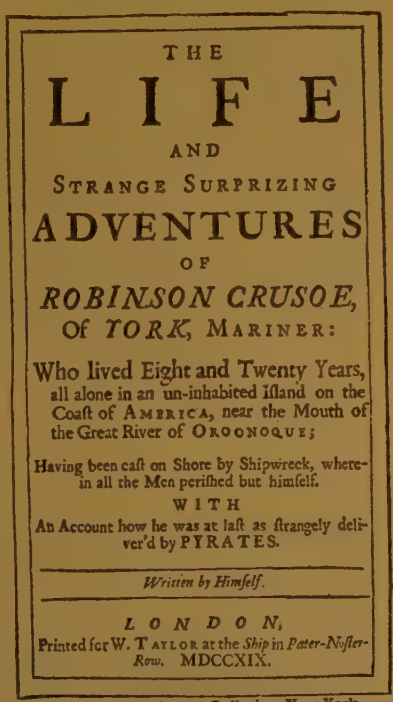
In the romance of rare books a thousand and one strange and almost incredible tales are involved. A clerk in a Boston book store happened to read that the only known copy of Edgar Allan Poe's "Tamerlane" was in the possession of the British Museum. Believing that to be improbable, he made up his mind that he would hunt for a second copy. Within half an hour he had found one. On his way to lunch he stopped at a second-hand book stall, and began to rummage through the volumes that, regarded as of little value, had been tossed haphazard into a counter box. The first title to catch his eye was "Tamerlane and Other Poems, by a Bostonian, 1827." The dealer was selling from that box in lots of ten. The clerk bought "Tamerlane" and nine other volumes for $1.50. Soon after he sold the "Tamerlane" for $1,950. It was later resold for $2,050 and then for $2,400. At the

latest sale it brought $11,000. There is current a story that only a few months ago a Yale undergraduate bought in Waterbury, Connecticut, two books for $1.25, and that for them he has been offered $3,000.

The Mazarin copy of the Gutenberg Bible is the most celebrated book in the world. It, too, was literally "dug up." It is called the Mazarin Bible because it was found by a famous French bibliographer, in the library of Cardinal Mazarin in Paris. To quote from the original narrative: "Mere chance led me to the discovery of this precious edition, to which we have given the title of the Mazarin Bible, and I do not hesitate an instant to give it the first place, not only above all Bibles, but above every other known book! When making some explorations in the Mazarin Library—that is, of the College of the Four Nations—we were not a little surprised to find this first and most celebrated work of the press, which a simple impulse of curiosity caused us to open."

If the rare book possessed no other claim to romance, it would be romantic on account of the astounding prices it has commanded in recent years. A Gutenberg Bible—often inaccurately alluded to as a "Mazarin"—was purchased a few years ago for upward of $50,000. The copy, bought by Mr. Huntington, and now the property of the State of California, has a recorded history as far back as the middle of the eighteenth century. Owned successively by a M. von Vostitz, by Merlin de Thionville, and by a Mr. Horn, it appeared in the sale catalogue of the London bookseller Nicol, in 1825. Priced at 504 pounds, it was bought by the famous brewer Perkins, whose brewery still covers the site of the old Globe Theatre of Shakespeare. When the Perkins Library was sold at auction the Bible was bought for Lord Ashburnham for 3,400 pounds. When, in turn, the Ashburnham Library went under the hammer in June, 1897, Bernard Quaritch, a famous London book dealer of the last half of the nineteenth century, obtained the copy, and placed it in his stock at 5,000 pounds, at which price it went to the Hoe collection, and thus came to the United States.

There is the Morgan Caxton, the "Morte d'Arthur," printed at Westminster in 1485. The only perfect copy known, it cost Mr. Morgan $42,800. The story of its first two centuries is obscure. In 1698 it was one of a dozen Caxtons in the library of Dr. Francis Bernard, a physician to James II. Put up for sale, it brought two shillings and sixpence, or the equivalent of sixty cents, at a normal rate of exchange. It was acquired by Sir Robert Harley, the first Earl of Oxford, who had it rebound in its present covers. Then it went to Bryan Fairfax, whose library was sold in bulk to Francis Child, the grandfather of the Countess of Jersey. By this time its appraised value had reached two pounds twelve shillings and sixpence. The Child Library passed into the possession of the Earl of Jersey, who signalized his ownership of the Caxton by affixing his bookplate. When the Earl of Jersey's library was sold in 1885, Quaritch bought the "Morte d'Arthur" for Mrs. N. Q. Pope of Brooklyn for 1,950 pounds. Thence it passed to the Hoe collection, and then to Mr. Morgan.



THE

LIFE

AND

STRANGE SURPRIZING

ADVENTURES

OF

ROBINSON CRUSOE,

Of *YORK*, MARINER:

Who lived Eight and Twenty Years, all alone in an un-inhabited Island on the Coast of AMERICA, near the Mouth of the Great River of OROONOQUE;

Having been cast on Shore by Shipwreck, wherein all the Men perished but himself.

WITH

An Account how he was at last as strangely deliver'd by PYRATES.

Written by Himself.

LONDON,

Printed for W. TAYLOR at the *Ship* in *Pater-Noster-Row*. MDCCXIX.

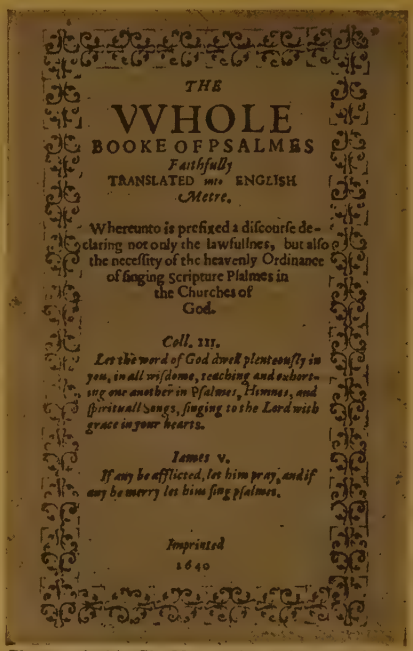
Courtesy of the Anderson Galleries, New York

Title Page of the First Edition of "Robinson Crusoe"

BOOK PRICES OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

Seventy years ago an English magazine, the "Idler," printed an article pointing out the folly of a book auction that brought the astonishing sum of three hundred pounds. The books, protested the writer in the "Idler," were not worth three hundred farthings. The other day an assiduous collector sat down with pencil and pad and checked up the books that the "Idler" had so contemptuously dismissed. The present value of those books he found to be not three hundred farthings, nor three hundred pounds, but

approximately three hundred thousand dollars. Although prices have since gone even higher, the Hoe sales stand out dramatically in the annals of rare-book acquiring in America. There were 10,571 lots in the sales, and 536 reached and exceeded $500. Many of the treasures of the magnificent collection now belonging to the State of California were purchased at these sales. Before that the foundations of the California collection had been laid by the buying of libraries rather than individual books. The Morrow Library of Brooklyn, containing many first editions but no great rarities, was bought. To this was added the Stowe collection, and then other collections rich in incunabula, in early printed Bibles, missals, and psalters. Then came the acquisition (the reputed price at the time was $1,250,000) of the collection of Mr. E. D. Church, containing some of the greatest gems of English literature: Caxton's rare book, the "Cronycle of England," Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," Walton's "Compleat Angler," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Milton's "Comus," Spenser's "Faërie Queene," Bacon's "Essays," Gray's "Elegy," Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," and many rare early Shakespeares.



THE
VVHOLE
BOOKE OFPSALMES
Faithfully
TRANSLATED into ENGLISH
Metre.

Whereunto is prefixed a discourse declaring not only the lawfullnes, but also the necessity of the heavenly Ordinance of singing Scripture Psalmes in the Churches of God.

Coll. III.
Let the word of God dwell plentifully in you, in all wisdome, teaching and exhorting one another in Psalmes, Himnes, and spirituall songs, singing to the Lord with grace in your hearts.

Iames V.
If any be afflicted, let him pray, and if any be merry let him sing psalmes.

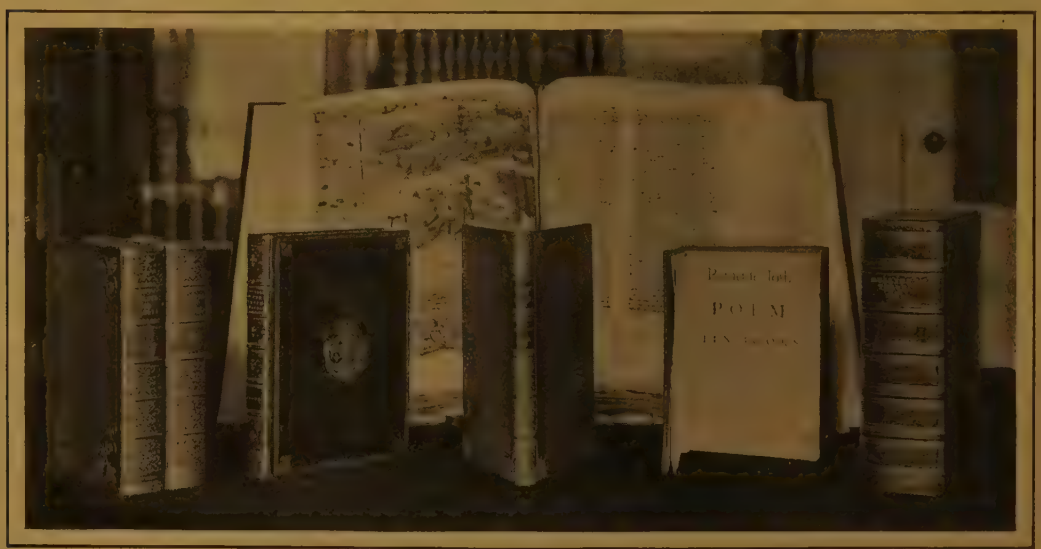
Imprinted
1640

Photographed for The Mentor directly from an original copy, owned by the New York Public Library

Title Page of the Precious "Bay Psalm Book"

The first book printed in the American Colonies

It was at the Hoe sale in 1911 that Mr. Morgan acquired, for an unprecedented price, the only perfect copy of Caxton's "Morte d'Arthur." The Morgan collection is famous for its Caxtons. It included twenty or thirty when the library of Lord Amherst, of Hackney, containing seventeen



A Shelf of Rare Books Whose Total Value Approximates $50,000

From left to right, a copy of the first edition of "Don Quixote," banned by the Spanish Inquisition, and a copy of the second edition revised by Cervantes; the book from which Marie Antoinette learned English, bearing her coat-of-arms; the "Kilmarnock," or first printed issue of the poems of Robert Burns; the first edition in an original binding of Milton's "Paradise Lost," and the first issue of Gulliver's "Travels." The large open book is an illuminated manuscript of Boccaccio's "Decameron," of the fifteenth century

A Corner of a Rare Book Shop

Whose windows look out on the busiest street in the world, Fifth Avenue, New York

Caxtons, was put up for sale. Mr. Morgan decided that he must have these, and sent his librarian to London to maneuver for the purchase. The librarian has put on record how the task was accomplished:

I said to my lord, "Mr. Morgan offers you this," naming a goodly sum. Oh, it was a hard and trying moment. I felt that there were members of the family who eyed me suspiciously. Possibly they did not like the way I dressed—they were so staid and prim. Now, at a sale there are many factors to consider. When Mr. Morgan wants a book he pays cash for it. My lord, should he accede to my request, should have a check immediately. But should Mr. Morgan withdraw from a sale the effect would be that the bidding would not reach the high figures wanted. All these conditions I have to emphasize when I must have a thing.

Well, the night before the sale, when I was anxiously awaiting my answer, I was given a dinner by the London bookmen. I have many friends at the British Museum who were anxiously watching to see what I would do on the morrow. One of them turned to me during the evening. "Miss Green," he said, "will you promise me that in the morning you will not bid against me for such and such a Caxton?" I was on the *qui vive*, waiting for my telegram which would tell me whether or not I had swept the collection from under the hammer. As luck would have it, just before I replied, the missive was placed in my hands. I read the gladdening news. Our offer had been accepted. "Yes," I said, "I'll promise not to bid against you at the sale to-morrow." . . .

Imagine getting seventeen Caxtons for little more than the price paid for one Hoe Caxton! It's all splendidly exciting!

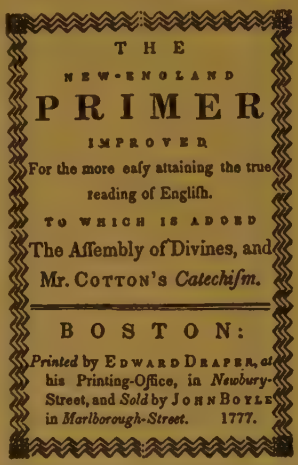
SHAKESPEARIANA

All great libraries must possess a First Folio of Shakespeare. As Shakespeare himself gave no thought to the work of editing and printing, the works given to the press were made from notes and recollections and rough playhouse copies. Seven years after Shakespeare's death, in 1623, Jaggard and Blount of London published the First Folio of five hundred copies, which were sold at a pound apiece. The Hoe copy, dressed in morocco binding, brought at the Hoe sale $13,000. Prices for the quarto editions of Shakespeare's separate plays range from $500 for a late "Julius Cæsar," to $32,000 for an unbound, uncut "Pericles;" while a "Troilus and Cressida" may be had for $12,500.

THE MOST FAMOUS BOOKS

The choice of the most famous books in the world is a matter of individual taste. Of course, every list would have the Gutenberg Bible at the top, or very near it. Other books

likely to be conspicuous in selected lists are "Helyas, Knight of the Swanne," printed by Wynken de Worde in 1512 (for this book Mr. Walter M. Hill of Chicago paid $21,000); the "Morte d'Arthur;" the "Pembroke Book of Hours;" the first Gray's "Elegy;" William Blake's "Milton;" the first French edition of Boccaccio, printed at Bruges in 1476; Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy;" "Venus and Adonis," of the first eight editions of which only thirteen copies are known to exist; and "The Book of St. Albans." When it came to the question of Americana—that is, of course, rare books of American origin—the lists of particular treasures would include the aforementioned Poe's "Tamerlane;" Bryant's "The Embargo," written when the poet was thirteen years of age; the Bay Psalm Book; Hawthorne's "Fanshawe," and the first New York City Directory, published in 1786.


THE
NEW-ENGLAND
PRIMER
IMPROVED
For the more eaſy attaining the true reading of Engliſh.
TO WHICH IS ADDED
The Aſſembly of Divines, and Mr. COTTON's *Catechiſm.*
BOSTON:
Printed by EDWARD DRAPER, at his Printing-Office, in *Newbury-Street*, and *Sold* by JOHN BOYLE in *Marlborough-Street*. 1777.

"Bible, Prayer Book, Speller, and Reader"
In the homes of early Americans. It was first printed in 1777, and very few copies exist

It has been the high prices paid for rare bits of Americana above all that has stimulated what may be called the research of the attic. The news goes forth that a certain book has passed from hand to hand in consideration of some surprisingly large sum of money, and straightway a thousand dusty volumes are disinterred. They bear evidence of antiquity, and in the eyes of their owners are certain to command fabulous prices. When the famous Gutenberg Bible was bought by Mr. Huntington at the Hoe sale in New York in 1911, people generally formed the idea that, Mr. Gutenberg having recently died, his widow disposed of the family Bible for the sum of fifty thousand dollars, and that a substantial fraction of this sum would be paid for any other old family Bible offered.

© Keystone View
George Washington Kissed This Bible
When he took the oath of office in 1789, and it has been used at the inauguration of nearly every President since that time

There is a popular idea that age in a book makes value. As a matter of fact, some of the oldest books are the most worthless, for nobody wants them at any price. Unless an old book represents a valued author, or deals with quaint and curious subjects, or records a bit of local history, or exhibits a fine specimen of printing from a famous press, or is embellished with charming engravings, or is the first issue of some famous work, it is likely not worth the trouble of carrying it down from the garret. The unlikely looking book fit only for the rubbish heap in the view of most householders—a quaint old school book, an almanac, a book of laws, a little work that classifies in the miscellaneous lot known as "Americana"—may outweigh in value the whole carefully stored library of solidly bound tomes in which f's take the place of s's.

The born collector of books has come from all lands and all conditions of life, and America has many famous ones. In the history of American book collecting there is no more romantic figure than the late Harry E. Widener. He was in his early thirties when he went down with the "Titanic" in 1912. He collected first editions of Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser, Johnson, Goldsmith, Gray, Keats, Shelley, Dickens, Thackeray, and Meredith, and his library boasted a remarkable assembly of books by and about Robert Louis Stevenson. It is said that when he went down with the "Titanic" he carried with him a rare volume of Bacon's Essays, just bought in London. He had jokingly told Mr. Quaritch, the London dealer from whom the purchase was made, that if he was lost at sea the Bacon would go down clasped to his heart.

THE STORY OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

HOW THE WONDERFUL TALES WERE TOLD, TRANSLATED, AND MADE KNOWN TO THE NATIONS OF THE WORLD

Copyright by P. F. Collier & Son Painting by Maxfield Parrish

THE FISHERMAN AND THE GENIE

A POOR fisherman was casting his nets, when he drew forth a jar of copper sealed with lead and bearing the stamp of Solomon. He opened the jar and a genie emerged who threatened to kill him. The fisherman called on Solomon for mercy and aid.

The genie, when asked by the fisherman to prove his great power by again assuming his vapory shape, reëntered the jar. The fisherman then quickly inserted the stopper and again made the genie a prisoner. Threatening to cast the jar into the sea, he exacted a promise of great riches from the genie before he would release him. The genie then carried the fisherman to a lake and showed him how to catch the enchanted fish. These he took to the sultan, who gave him position and wealth.

HOW THE ARABIAN NIGHTS CAME TO US

IT WAS a night in Paris, in the year 1705, or thereabouts—the old Paris of winding, narrow streets dimly lighted by swinging lanterns. A little band of roistering fellows was making its way through a street of one of the older quarters, when it found a certain house. Then it broke forth into riotous and disturbing clamor. "Oh, Monsieur Galland," the cry went up, "if you are not asleep, come to the window, and tell us some more of your diverting Arabian tales—of Ali Baba, Sailor Sinbad, and Aladdin of the Wonderful Lamp!"

That winter's night call, uncomfortable as it was to the disturbed Galland, was, in its way, the supreme tribute of all the history of literature. No novelist of our day, however popular, can ever hope to match it. The restless clamor of those roisterers was the expression of the city and of the times. Not only Paris but all France was greedy for more of those tales that Antoine Galland had brought from the East, and had introduced for the first time to the western world. They were the talk of all classes; of all ranks of life. Galland had made a hit.

Sir Richard Burton
In the costume he wore on his pilgrimage to Mecca

Just what was it that had raised Galland to that dizzy pinnacle of fame? Just what is the huge edifice known as "The Arabian Nights Entertainment," or "*A Laylah wa Laylah*"? Undoubtedly, there are, in some countries, other books that rival in popularity "The Arabian Nights." Every land has its own folklore, which it preserves and cherishes. But the great, outstanding characters and episodes of the "Nights"—Sinbad the Sailor, the Old Man of the Sea, Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, and the magic "Sesame" that rolled back the door of the treasure cave, Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp—these are the common property of all lands and languages. In those tales we see the daily life of an Eastern city, its leisurely going-to-work, its civilization, its modes of thought, its streets and bazaars, its chattering and chaffering, its pageant.

All the world knows, or at least should know, the framework upon which the tales of the Thousand and One Nights is based. Two kings, brothers, learn of the treachery of their wives, and put them to death. Traveling through the world, they find additional evidence of woman's perfidy. They return home, and one of the brothers, Sharyar, resolves to take a new wife every day, putting her to death the following morning. He pursues this plan until the supply of marriageable women in the kingdom is nearly exhausted. The king's grand vizier has two beautiful daughters. The elder, Scheherazade, resolves to change the king's heart or perish in the attempt. She becomes the king's wife, and that night, on pretense of saying farewell to her younger sister, begins one of her diverting stories. The morning light, which should mean her death, finds the story in the state of "to be continued in our next." The king, curious to hear the end of the tale, postpones the execution for twenty-four hours. The following night the story is finished and a new one begun, which also is in an exciting and incompleted stage at the break of dawn. For a thousand and one nights this goes on, and when the tales have all been told, the king has recognized the virtues and charms of his wife, and forever forgotten his hatred of her sex.

Though the "Arabian Nights" had long existed, it was Antoine Galland who made them popular stories for the Western world. The original author was the *rawy* or professional tale-spinner of the East. The *rawy*, in city coffee house, or village street, or desert

tent, was the central figure that listened to the stories that were partly of his own invention, partly derived from books, and partly from his *rawy* ancestors. Like Scheherazade, the *rawy* divided his narrative into many parts, to occupy many evenings. In that way he made the telling more profitable. It was through the *rawy* that the tales eventually made their way to Europe. Galland heard him in Aleppo. Edward William Lane heard him in Egypt. Richard Burton traveled with him in the desert, himself at times assuming the rôle of a *rawy* among his many disguises. But, long before Galland, echoes of the stories had carried abroad their influence, in Spain, France, and Italy. The mechanism of Boccaccio's "Decameron," first published in 1353, is practically that of "The Arabian Nights."

From the Louis Rhead edition of "The Arabian Nights," Harper and Bros., publishers

Scheherazade Relating Her First Story to the Sultan

Antoine Galland, Edward William Lane, John Payne, and Richard Burton—those are the four outstanding names in connection with "The Arabian Nights" so far as the English-speaking reader is concerned, for, though Galland was a Frenchman, England and America first came to know of the tales through the medium of his discoveries. The work and methods of the four may be summed up briefly. In the original, the "Arabian Nights Entertainment" reeks with Oriental sex and its ramifications. Galland made a much expurgated adaptation for the people; Lane, a century and a quarter later, went almost the limit in freedom of expression; Payne went the limit; and Burton, with his explanatory annotations, went *beyond the limit.* The British authorities were urged to take action against Payne on the ground of public morality. Burton, though a defier of convention and a man of reckless courage, was not one to take unnecessary risks, so he arranged to have his version of "The Arabian Nights" published nominally by a society with the appropriate name, "The Kama Shastra"—that is, the "Cupid-Gospel Society," also called the "Hindu Love Society," Kama being the Hindu god of love. So, in London, the famous Kama Shastra Society was formed, with the avowed object of "removing the scales from the eyes of Englishmen who are interested in Oriental literature." As a matter of fact, the society at the beginning consisted of Burton and F. F. Arbuthnot.

From the Louis Rhead edition of "The Arabian Nights," Harper and Bros., publishers

The Merchant and the Genie

"He was still on his knees when he saw a genie appear, white with age, and of enormous stature"

But that strong spicing of the East belongs essentially to the later translations. Galland, first adapting the tales of "The Arabian Nights" for

From the Louis Rhead edition of "The Arabian Nights," Harper and Bros., publishers

The History of the Fisherman

"At the appearance of this huge monster the fisherman wished to run away"

From the Louis Rhead edition of "The Arabian Nights," Harper and Bros., publishers

History of the Greek King and Douban the Physician

The game continued until the king found his hand thoroughly heated—then the medicine worked through the open pores into his system

the Western palate, aimed to make them popular stories of the kind that would be likely to appeal to the general reader. He told the tales in an easy, vivacious style, stripping them of profusion and what he deemed the unessentials. He not only went to the collection that, in the twelfth century, had been brought to Cairo, but, in his edition of 1705, he introduced ten new tales, among them some that have always been held to be the finest of all; for example, "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp" and "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves." Neither Aladdin nor Ali Baba is to be found in any of the printed or manuscript Arabic versions.

Who was Antoine Galland and what was his story? Humbly born in the north of France, he enjoyed a brief schooling, and then was apprenticed to a trade. But, fired by ambition, he made his way to Paris, and, attracting the attention of some influential people, he was enabled to pursue his education at different institutions, and eventually was appointed secretary of the French ambassador to Constantinople. Ostensibly he was there to study the doctrines of orthodox Christianity, but his was an adventurous spirit. Instead of frequenting the churches of Constantinople, he haunted the coffee houses, listened to the story tellers, studied the habits, manners, and superstitions of the people, and, in company with his chief, traveled through the Levant and Syria. That was his first visit to the East. He made two later visits, one for the purpose of studying ancient coins, and the other to buy for the library and museum of Colbert, the great minister of Louis XIV.

But the pursuit of the "Nights" was ever the task nearest and dearest to Galland's heart. It almost cost him his life on one occasion, for he was in Smyrna when that city was shaken by an earthquake, and was half buried in the wreckage of his kitchen. The first volume of his translation or adaptation of "The Arabian Nights" appeared in 1704, and was made up of tales heard from the lips of a native Christian *rawy*, Hanna Diab by name. Despite his enormous popularity, he had his traducers. The charge of forgery was launched against him, but he met that triumphantly by producing some stray manuscripts which he had gathered in the East. Between 1705 and 1717 twelve volumes of "The Thousand and One Nights—Arab Tales Translated in French" appeared in Paris.

Strange indeed is the story of the sources

and migrations of some of the more popular tales of "The Arabian Nights." The title may be traced to the fact that, in the ninth century, a certain Abu Abdullah Mohamed al Gahehijari, after a careful search in all the lands and literatures of the Orient, compiled four hundred and eighty of these stories, sufficient to extend over a *thousand and one nights*. But that collection lacked the tale of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves." Galland told it in his edition, yet the manuscript for a long time remained unidentified and puzzled even Richard Burton. When it was finally discovered, it was not in the wreckage of the Smyrna kitchen in which Galland had so nearly been entombed, but in the Bodleian Library, at Oxford, England. The Bodleian had bought it in 1860 in Paris, and it was probably the one from which Galland had made his translation.

The Pirate Ship

In the story, "Codadad and his Brothers," which took as prisoners Prince Codadad, his brothers, and the Princess of Deryabar

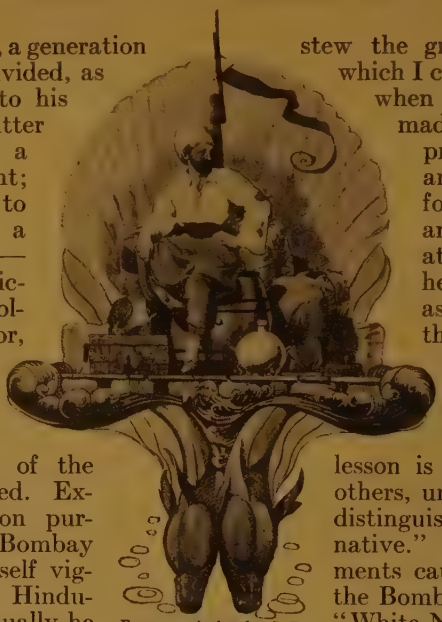
The work of Antoine Galland was carried on by a number of writers in France and Germany, who brought out varying editions of the "Nights" during the eighteenth and early part of the nineteenth centuries.

English original investigators, though slow to begin the study of "The Arabian Nights," were foremost in the nineteenth century. In 1811, Jonathan Scott brought out an edition which was simply Galland with omissions and additions, and in 1838-40, appeared the translation of Edward William Lane. This work, which contains about a third of the entire "Arabian Nights," was a great step forward. Lane was an excellent Arabic scholar, and his voluminous and valuable notes won the gratitude of students.

Lane's "Arabian Nights" was the translation that our grandparents read; the translation that is to be found in so many inherited American libraries. Being a great advance on the Galland translation, upon which it was largely based, there have been a number of editions, one particularly popular one illustrated by the wood cuts of William Harvey. Edward William Lane was born in 1801. With a leaning toward Oriental languages and ideas, he went to Egypt in 1825. Like Burton, later, he adopted native garb in order to get in closer touch with the Arabs.

The Payne translation of the "Nights" was in nine volumes and appeared from 1882 to 1885. Payne was originally a solicitor, but retired from practice of the law to devote himself to a life of letters. His "Arabian Nights" proper was quickly followed by "Tales from the Arabic" and "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp." The Payne edition was known as the "Villon Society Edition."

Then came Richard Burton, whose life reads like one of the adventures of Sinbad the Sailor. Of Burton someone said: "He was the last of the demigods." He was probably the greatest linguist and traveler that England ever produced, and his whole life was a preparation for the study and interpretation of "The Arabian Nights." No one ever seemed able to agree entirely with anyone else on the subject of Burton, and even to-day,



From a painting by J. F. Woolrich

Sinbad the Sailor

thirty years after his death, a generation that never knew him is divided, as was his own generation, into his staunch friends and his bitter enemies. He was always a fighter, always belligerent; and once went so far as to contradict Gladstone—on a point of Oriental customs—an unheard-of crime in Victorian England. He was soldier, explorer, scholar, author, ethnologist, and, incidentally, the husband of Lady Burton, a woman of extraordinary mentality, and a fitting mate and partner of the superman whom she married. Expelled from Oxford, Burton purchased a commission in a Bombay regiment, and applied himself vigorously to the study of Hindustani. It is said that eventually he came to know thirty-five languages and dialects—especially the language of the forbidden things, as someone has added. In later life he was asked how he managed to learn a language so rapidly and thoroughly, and replied: "I stew the grammar down to a page, which I carry in my pocket. Then, when opportunity offers or is made, I get hold of a native, preferably an old woman, and get her to talk to me. I follow her speech by ear and eye with the keenest attention, and repeat after her every word as nearly as possible until I acquire the exact accent of the speaker and the true meaning of the words employed by her. I do not leave her before the lesson is learned, and so on with others, until my own speech is undistinguishable from that of the native." Soon his linguistic attainments caused his fellow officers in the Bombay service to call him the "White Nigger."

After the Bombay Army Corps, Burton served England as a British consul for twenty years, in Asia, Africa, Europe, and Brazil. He was not everywhere a satisfactory public servant; he was recalled from Damascus, where he and

From a painting by J. F. Woolrich

Sinbad carried away on the claw of the giant roc from the isle where he was deserted

From a painting by J. F. Woolrich

Sinbad, during his seventh and last voyage, is borne by an elephant through the forest

From the Louis Rhead edition of "The Arabian Nights," Harper and Bros., publishers

Sinbad and the Old Man of the Sea

For days, Sinbad bore the cursed burden of the ogreish creature who held fast to his neck day and night and forced the sailor to do his bidding. Finally Sinbad made him drunk with grape wine and rid himself of the hateful incubus by dashing him to the ground and crushing him with a stone

Painted by Maxfield Parrish

Copyright by P. F. Collier & Son

THE CITY OF BRASS

The Commander of the Faithful, wishing for the possession of certain metal bottles containing imprisoned demons, ordered the Sheik Abdelsamad and the Emir Mousa to set out upon this quest. Their journey lay through the City of Brass, which they found to rise high in the air, strongly fortified, impenetrable. Yet, by the help of Allah, they entered the city and tarried there some time, then, after many other adventures and strange escapes, proceeded to a successful conclusion of their undertaking

From the Monro S. Orr edition of "The Arabian Nights," Henry Holt and Co., publishers

The Magic Carpet

Which took flight and carried to distant realms those that rode on it

Aladdin's Magic Lamp

his wife had carried the title of Emperor and Empress of Damascus. At heart he was always something of an Oriental. In turn he was a Greek doctor, a dervish, an Arab pilgrim, a Moslem merchant, an Arab sheik. When he kept a shop, it had always plenty of customers, for he was in the habit of giving the ladies, especially if they were pretty, "the heaviest weight for their money," though sometimes he would overcharge them in order to induce them to chaffer with him.

In the army he had been known as "Ruffian Dick," not by way of disparagement, but because of his furious fighting qualities, and because he had fought in single combat more enemies than perhaps any other man of his time. After his return from Mecca, a number of British officers, including a friend of Burton's named Hawkins, were one evening lounging outside Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo. As they were talking and smoking, there passed repeatedly in front of them an Arab, in his loose flowing robes, with head proudly erect, and the peculiar swinging stride of a son of the desert. Little by little he drew nearer to the knot of officers, till at last, as he swept by, the flying folds of his burnoose brushed against one of the officers. "Curse that nigger's impudence!" said the officer. "If he does that again, I'll kick him." Whereupon the dignified Arab stopped, wheeled around, and said: "Well, d—— it, Hawkins, that's a fine way to welcome a fellow after two years' absence." "It's Ruffian Dick!" cried the astonished officer.

From a painting by Mackenzie — Courtesy Brentano

Aladdin and the African Magician, Who Showed Him the Treasure and Gave Him the Magic Lamp

It was in 1853 that he attempted to carry out his daring dream of visiting Mecca, the great holy pilgrimage city of Islam. Wearing long hair and Oriental costume, his face and limbs dyed with henna, he became Mirza Abdullah of Bushire. In Alexandria he read the Koran sedulously, howled his prayers with a local sheik who imparted to him the niceties of the faith, purified himself, made an ostentatious display of piety, and gave out that he was a *hakim* or doctor preparing to be a dervish. Possessing considerable knowledge of medicine, this was not difficult. Burton's account of the pilgrimage and the entrance to Mecca was most circumstantial. "There at last it lay," he cried, "the bourne of my long and weary pilgrimage, realizing the plans and hopes of many and many a year" —the Kaaba, the place of answered prayer, above which, in the heaven of heavens, Allah himself sits and draws his pen through people's sins. "The mirage of fancy invested the huge catafalque [that most sacred place] and its gloomy pall with peculiar charm."

In all his travels, "The Arabian Nights" was Burton's one solace and joy. He delighted in playing the

Aladdin's Porcelain Dish Brimming with Jewels

From a painting by Mackenzie Courtesy Brentano

part of the *rawy* before some tent in the desert, reciting to the circle of Arabs in their own language the marvelous tales. Familiar as he was with the Arabic dialects, it was natural that he should be spurred, sooner or later, to the idea of giving the "Nights" a new form for the Western world. Writing in 1856, he said: "The most familiar book in England after the Bible, it is one of the least known, the reason being that about one fifth is utterly unfit for translation, and the most sanguine Orientalist would not dare to render more than three quarters of the remainder." Yet that is just what Burton was, at the time, planning to do. Speaking of his association with his old friend Dr. John Steinhauser, also an enthusiastic student of the "Nights," he said later: "We agreed to collaborate and produce a full, complete, unvarnished, unexpurgated copy of the great original, my friend taking the prose, and I the metrical part; and we corresponded upon the subject for years." They told each other that, having completed the task, they would then look out for a safe retreat as a preparation for old age, some country cottage, perhaps, in the south of France, where, remote from books, papers, pens, ink, and telegrams, they could spend their nights in bed and their days in hammocks.

The Slave of the Lamp

ABOVE: Rubbing the ring which the magician had placed on his finger, and of whose virtue he was still ignorant, Aladdin suddenly perceived a genie of great size and terrifying aspect rise out of the earth. And the genie spoke: "What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee as the slave of all who may possess the ring on thy finger; I and the other slaves of that ring."

Aladdin and the Talisman

BELOW: Aladdin, having rescued the Princess Badroulboudour, and brought about the death of the infamous magician, restored her to her father, the sultan. Then, in the midst of rejoicing over their return, Aladdin repaired to the shore, and cast far out into the water the lamp and the ring. And Aladdin and the princess reigned many years together, and left a numerous and illustrious progeny.

From a painting by Mackenzie Courtesy Brentano

But beyond planning and corresponding, nothing was done. Steinhauser died in 1866, and Burton did not actually turn to the great work until 1884.

Between "The Arabian Nights" of Payne and that of Burton there is a close resemblance, for the reason that neither left anything to the imagination of the reader. Though called the Benares Edition—Benares was the name flippantly given by Burton to Stoke-Newington, England—the sixteen volumes of which his edition consisted were avowedly printed in London. There have been several pirated reprints of Burton's work in the United States, one having been made in Denver. Its inaccessibility to the general reader is largely due to the fact that it is not allowed to pass the United States Custom House or travel through the United States mails.

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CASSIM IN THE CAVE OF THE FORTY THIEVES

IN a Persian town once lived two brothers, Cassim and Ali Baba, the first wealthy, the other a poor woodchopper.

One day Ali Baba saw forty horsemen approaching. Fearing they were thieves, he hid, and saw their chief, by crying "Open Sesame," cause a rock to open, uncovering a cave into which the robbers entered, but soon departed. Ali Baba then, by speaking the magic words, entered the cave and from its treasures brought home enough to make him rich.

Cassim induced his brother to confide in him the source of his sudden riches. Cassim entered the cave, but, forgetting the magic words, was entrapped, and killed by the thieves on their return.

Pathetic as Burton's death was, the real tragedy was its aftermath. His last great work, the translation of "The Scented Garden," was practically ready for the printers. Lady Burton had been the most devoted of wives, but she was superstitious and impulsive. After her husband's death in Switzerland, she shut herself up in order to examine and classify his manuscripts and pack up books for the journey to England. She found the manuscript of "The Scented Garden," for which fifteen hundred persons had offered subscriptions, and for which a publisher had offered her thirty thousand dollars. Then, according to her account, she looked up, and there, before her, stood her husband, just as he had stood in the flesh. He pointed to the manuscript and said, "Burn it," and disappeared. A second and a third time this was repeated. Then she took up the manuscript, and sorrowfully, reverently, and in fear and trembling, she burnt it, sheet after sheet, until the whole was consumed. As each leaf was licked up by the fire, it seemed to her that "a fresh ray of light and peace" transfused the soul of her beloved husband. That such were the facts, and that the appearance of her husband was not mere hallucination, Lady Burton maintained until her dying day.

They were immortal—those "Arabian Nights" that have given delight to countless millions the world over. In the tales we find all the mysterious supernaturalism of India, all the learning and culture of Persia, all the vivid and picturesque social life of China, all the uncanny terror of Africa. The grim tragedy and pitilessness of Oriental life are there, and its poetry too.

"The immortal fragment," says Burton, "will never be superseded in the infallible

From Monro S. Orr edition of "The Arabian Nights," Henry Holt and Co., publishers

Ali Baba, Concealed in a Tree, Watches the Forty Thieves Bring Their Booty Through the Woods

judgment of childhood. The marvelous imaginativeness of the tales produces an insensible brightness of mind and an increase of fancy-power, making one dream that behind them lies the new and unseen, the strange and unexpected—in fact, all the glamour of the unknown."

Thomas Wright, who wrote the life of Burton, has pointed out that "one of the most curious features of the 'Nights' is the promptitude with which everyone—porters, fishermen, ladies, caliphs—recites poetry. It is as if a cabman, when you paid him your fare, were to give you a quotation from Omar Khayyam, or a cripple, when soliciting charity, should quote Swinburne. Then, in the midst of all this culture, kindliness, generosity, kingliness, honest mirth—just when we are beginning to honor and love the great caliph—we come upon a tale with the staggering commencement: 'When Haroun-al-Raschid crucified Ja'afar;' and we prepare for a shiver and thrill."

Does any other story teller in all time, before or after, compare with Scheherazade?

"The Arabian Nights" has nowhere its like in all literature. It is the book of wonders, of marvels, beyond compare. All things real in life are magnified as in the vision of an opium dreamer, and even impossibilities become real and convincing. Of this magic work, the poet Henley writes:

. . . that blessed brief
Of what is gallantest and best
In all the full-shelved Libraries of Romance.
The book of Rocs,
Sandalwood, ivory, turbans, ambergris,
Cream-tarts, and lettered apes, and calendars,
And ghouls, and genies—O so huge
They might have overed the tall Minster Tower,
Hands down, as schoolboys take a post;
In truth the Book of Camaralzaman,
Schemselnihar and Sinbad, Scheherazade
The peerless, Bedreddin, Badroulboudour,
Cairo and Serendib and Candahar,
And Caspian, and the dim, terrific bulk—
Ice-ribbed, fiend-visited, isled in spells and storms—
Of Kaf . . . That center of miracles
The sole, unparalleled Arabian Nights.

From Monro S. Orr edition of "The Arabian Nights," Henry Holt and Co., publishers

The Robber Captain Secretes His Men in Oil Jars to Accomplish His Murderous Plans

From the Louis Rhead edition of "The Arabian Nights," Harper and Bros., publishers

"The captain of the robbers pronounced these words, 'Open Sesame!' "—ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES

Copyright by P. F. Collier & Son Painting by Maxfield Parrish

THE KING OF THE BLACK ISLES

A CERTAIN sultan, walking in a hilly part of the country, came to a large palace, built of black marble covered with bright steel. Finding no one about, the sultan began to wander at random through the palace's magnificent apartments, which seemed to be untenanted. At last he heard a plaintive wail, and going toward the voice found himself in a spacious hall, where a richly robed young man was sitting on a throne. The visitor addressed a few questions to the young man, who, instead of answering, burst into bitter tears. Then the sultan lifted the young man's robe, and saw that he was of marble from the waist down. The story then tells how the young King of the Black Isles was released from the afflicting spell.

ANATOLE FRANCE—NOBEL PRIZE WINNER

SEVENTY-EIGHT years ago, Anatole France, winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1921, was born in a book shop on the Quai Voltaire in Paris. His father, Noël Thibault, a bookseller, had been known as Père France to his comrades in Charles the Tenth's bodyguard, a name which his son, Jacques Anatole François Thibault, took as a pen name.

In his father's book shop Anatole France spent his childhood. The elder Thibault was an ardent royalist, and his shop a gathering place for royalists. His wife was a devout churchwoman. But if the son was reached by these influences his intellectual life does not show it; he is a pagan and a proletarian.

Books were the boy's companions. A book was in the pocket of his uniform when he left to fight the Prussians in 1870. He was already an author, poet, and critic. In 1881 his first long novel, "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard," appeared.

© Wide World Photos

Anatole France and His Wife, Whom He Married Recently

The picture was made while they were honeymooning on the Riviera

The Dreyfus case stirred France deeply. When the innocent captain was sent to prison, falsely convicted of treason by an officers' cabal, France "descended from his ivory tower to fight the battles of the poor." He became a Socialist, and, while always too much of an artist to share the indomitable optimism of others of his political faith, he has been a radical since. He is a member of the Clarté group of international intellectuals, who hope to aid a mad world to regeneration.

France is best known to America by "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard." It is used as a text in our universities. Its moral, if it can be said to have a moral, is how to get pleasure from one's mind. "Thais" and "Penguin Island" are not so used, for in them the author most strongly reveals his paganism. Beauty displaces virtue in his scheme of things, and he recognizes no absolute in ethics or religion. Gabriele D'Annunzio, the Italian poet, and Thomas Hardy, the English novelist, who were contenders for the Nobel prize, are pagans also. Of their writings it has been said that D'Annunzio bathes in perfumes; Hardy chisels in granite; Anatole France embroiders on silk. More than Hardy or D'Annunzio, however, Anatole France possesses charm.

A Parisian of Parisians, France lives on a street facing the Bois de Boulogne. His tall, bent figure is seen frequently on the boulevards. His hair and beard are white; his appearance distinguished. His Sunday-morning receptions are one of literary Paris' institutions. The novelist receives his guests in a gray robe and red skull cap. A chance remark sets him talking brilliantly. He weaves a shimmering web of words, which he punctuates with characteristic gestures. It is seldom that he talks for any length of time without alluding to animals, of which he is passionately fond. In his novel, "Monsieur Bergeret in Paris," a dog, *Riquet*, appears, vested with the ability to think. Again, in "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard" a cat, *Hamilcar*, is an important personage.

As a writer, France is exceedingly fertile, and a tremendous worker. His style is beautifully lucid; it is shot through with a delicate irony. Notable among his books are: "Jocasta and the Famished Cat," "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard," "Balthasar," "Thais," "The Opinions of Jerome Coignard," "The Red Lily," "The Garden of Epicurus," "The Amethyst Ring," "The Gods Are Athirst," "The Revolt of the Angels," and "Penguin Island."

Clement King.

A MAKER OF ONE-MAN BOOKS

TYPOGRAPHY has always been of vital interest to me. I was reared in the midst of paper, type, and ink. My earliest recollection is watching my father set type, and print on an old Washington hand-press. He had a great love for the printing of the early craftsmen, which he said had never been excelled; it was his contention that modern book printers should follow in their footsteps.

For twenty years I labored to get the quality of old typography into books that I was producing. I used the so-called hand-made paper from Italy, my type was of special design, and the printing was executed with care. But my books always lacked the charm of the old volumes. I have seen through the press upward of two hundred different books, but none of them ever pleased me. They were just so much paper with a type impression—that was all.

Dard Hunter

The only man known to have made a book entirely by hand. He made the paper, the type, and the implements in the manner of the fifteenth-century printers

The Italian book printers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries have never been excelled. Their paper, even after four hundred years, shows a richness in tone and texture which the modern paper makers have never equaled. The type possesses a freedom of stroke unknown to-day. The margins and type arrangements are always satisfying, and the presswork displays a brilliance and firmness that suggests sculpture.

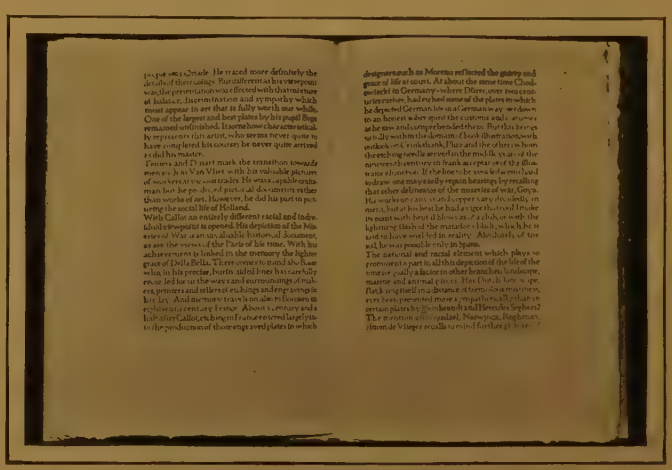
These old books from the presses of Aldus and Nicolas Jenson haunted me. Why could I not, in this age, produce as fine typography as these fifteenth-century artisans? Surely, with all the mechanical ingenuity of to-day in paper making, type founding, and printing, one should be able to equal, if not excel, the old typographers.

I went to Italy, and studied paper making by hand; then to Vienna, where I entered the Institute of Graphic Arts, the oldest of its kind in the world. I studied type design at the Academy of Industrial Arts in Vienna, and then went to London, where I entered the Royal Technical College, making a specialty of tool making.

After a number of years I returned to America, to try my hand again at book printing. My efforts were still unsatisfactory.

The trouble was this: I had been buying paper that had been made in another part of the world, by men who knew or cared nothing about the books I was making. The type I had been using, although of my own design, had been made in a great commercial type foundry by men uninterested in my work. All that I had been doing (like the rest of the printers) was to set the mechanically made type and imprint it on the paper of which I had no part in the making. I had been simply printing books—not *making* them.

I came to the conclusion that if I wanted to arrive at the peculiar excellence of the old printers I must work with their methods. This involved many difficulties: I had to learn paper making and typography as the ancients did. I began collecting old books and prints on these subjects, for text books.



Pages From One of Hunter's Hand-Made Books

Hunter's Paper Mill and Mill Pond

I then found that I must have my own paper mill and my own type foundry, as well as printing room. My working materials for book production had been paper and type; now they were to be linen and cotton rags, bar-steel, copper, lead, tin, and antimony.

Near my home at Chillicothe, Ohio, I found a brook, a bank of which had been used as a mill site two hundred years ago. The old mill dam was still intact. I built a small mill myself, which I patterned after a Devonshire cottage. It was thatched with rye straw which I had grown on my small farm. I equipped this miniature mill with appliances such as had been used by the fifteenth-century paper makers. An old, creaky wooden water wheel reduced the linen and cotton rags to a fibrous pulp from which I made each sheet of paper separately in a hand mold.

Next I set up a small type foundry, and, with no other tools or utensils than those that would have been used four hundred years ago, I cut the letter punches in steel, struck the matrices in copper, and cast the font of type in a hand mold. When there was sufficient water to turn the water wheel, I worked in the mill, and was able to make about seventy-five sheets of paper a day. When there was no water, I made type, as upward of a hundred thousand pieces were needed for my project.

When the paper and type were ready I printed the first book, using a press of the hand-lever type. The first book, an edition of two hundred, was finished in 1915. The second book, of which there were two hundred and fifty copies printed, was completed in 1916. Both of these volumes were made for the Chicago Society of Etchers, and were monographs on the art of etching. The entire work of paper making, type making, and printing occupied a period of seven years of work.

Even these books did not please me, but I more nearly approached the peculiar elusive art of the fifteenth-century typographers than I had ever done before. Perhaps it is better that I did not reach my ideal, for had this been accomplished life would have ceased to be interesting. When we cease struggling we cease growing.

What the whole undertaking revealed to me most was the interest there is in the history of paper making and watermarking. I have been so absorbed with these subjects since my experimenting in paper making that I am writing a book, in two volumes, on the history of paper. For these books I hope to cut another font of type, and they will be printed on my own make of paper.

The hand molds on which the paper for my first two books was made, the letter punches, matrices, type, and tools that were used in their production are now in the Smithsonian Institution, at Washington, never to be used for printing again! The two books are there also, and on the label of the case in which they are housed may be read: "In the entire history of printing these are the first books to have been made in their entirety by the labor of one man." *Dard Hunter.*

Where Dard Hunter Prints and Binds His Books

DO CLIMATES CHANGE?

By Charles Fitzhugh Talman, U. S. Weather Bureau; Chairman, Committee on Public Information, American Meteorological Society

OFTEN we hear the remark: "The climate has changed. I remember the time when—" These old-time reminiscences are usually about snow and cold weather. We are told that our winters are "not what they used to be." In the Middle West it is the rainfall that has fallen off sadly since the days of the early settlers. The summers are said to have grown colder, or hotter. Similar talk about changes of climate is heard all over the world.

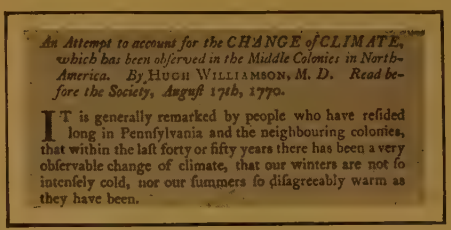
Around Indian camp fires, in prehistoric America, old braves undoubtedly told the young ones about the old-time winters that "we don't get now." The white men continued the habit of "weather croaking." In the year 1770, when Benjamin Franklin was president of the American Philosophical Society, of Philadelphia, a paper was read before that society entitled: "An Attempt to account for the Change of Climate, which has been observed in the Middle Colonies in North America." A "very observable change of climate remarked by everybody that has resided long in Pennsylvania and the neighboring colonies" is recorded in it. "Our winters," says the author, "are not so intensely cold, nor are our summers so disagreeably warm as they have been." Thomas Jefferson, in his "Notes on Virginia," written in 1781, says:

"A change in our climate is taking place very sensibly. Both heats and colds are become much more moderate, within the memory even of the middle-aged. Snows are less frequent and less deep. They do not often lie, below the mountains, more than one, two, or three days, and very rarely a week. The elderly inform me the earth used to be covered with snow about three months in every winter."

Similar statements are now made by people who trust to their memories instead of looking up the written records of the past weather.

Nothing is more fallible than recollections of weather. Man remembers the exceptional and forgets the usual. This is particularly true in regard to deep snows, because they are likely to upset the affairs of daily life. Memories of being "snowbound" are vivid and lasting. The "hark back" to "old-fashioned" winters usually comes to-day from people who spent their childhood in the country, under rather primitive conditions, and are now living in well-heated city houses where they are relieved from the inconvenience of snow blockades by the street-cleaning department. Country houses, too, are now well heated, and generally provided with telephones, which relieve the distress of being snowbound.

Personal impressions and popular traditions about the weather of former years can (*Cont'd on p. 34*)



An Attempt to account for the CHANGE of CLIMATE, which has been observed in the Middle Colonies in North-America. By HUGH WILLIAMSON, *M. D. Read before the Society, August 17th, 1770.*

IT is generally remarked by people who have refided long in Pennfylvania and the neighbouring colonies, that within the laft forty or fifty years there has been a very obfervable change of climate, that our winters are not fo intenfely cold, nor our fummers fo difagreeably warm as they have been.

In Franklin's Time

People thought the weather was changing, just as they do to-day. But it is not, Mr. Talman says, and quotes the weather bureau reports to prove it

This is What Fools You

Havoc wrought during the exceptional winter of 1917-18. It is these exceptional summers or winters that people remember longest, and come to believe as evidence that the climate has changed

That Boy of Yours—

Will He Be an Asset or a Liability?

Every boy is born with the opportunity to rise to the highest honors of his country. Are you giving your son the kind of training which will enable him to make the most of his opportunities, or are you limiting or destroying his chances by denying him the one thing that he must have now if he is to be completely successful in after years—the companionship of his father?

THE day will soon come when your boy will arrive at manhood, when he must stand alone, meet the most trying problems, and solve them for himself. To-day he should be acquiring the training, the character and the experience which will fit him for that ordeal, and determine whether he is to be an asset or a liability to you, to the community and to his country.

More than anything else in the world, you want your son to be a real man, a man of character, you want him to be a man whom everybody will respect, but what are you doing to bring that about? Where is he learning the vital lessons of life on which his character is formed?

THESE are questions no father can ignore. They should be answered frankly and fairly. Your boy is full of energy and inquisitiveness, and the things that he does and learns to-day will decide the kind of man he will be to-morrow.

He will learn something, and there is just one person in all this world who is qualified to teach him, and that person is yourself—his father.

Don't Gamble With Your Boy's Future

NOW is the time to teach him, while his mind is plastic and before his ideas are fixed.

It is one of the greatest privileges of life to be the father of a boy. But with this privilege also comes the responsibility to your son that cannot be denied. Whatever your son becomes is what you have made him.

How will you prepare your son to take his place in society? You can't be a taskmaster to your boy. He will revolt at the first opportunity. Neither can you ignore him. He cannot learn the principles of right living, of real character by himself.

The Only Way to Teach Your Boy

THERE is only one way to teach your boy the big things of life. There is one sure way to prepare him to give the finest account of himself. That way is explained in the FATHER AND SON LIBRARY.

This wonderful new LIBRARY is practical, sincere, worth-while. It fills a long-felt need of fathers who want to give their sons the best opportunities for success. It has been prepared by editors who *know* boys—know them from the boy's viewpoint, and from the father's viewpoint. It is full of success-building articles that you and your son will be glad to read together. It will help you grow up with your son, and help you give him the finest kind of all-round development.

Interesting Book Sent Free

A FAR greater achievement, and a far more worthy ambition than to be merely a successful business man is to be a successful father. Millions of earnest, worthy fathers are groping blindly in an effort to give their sons the sort of home training that will best contribute to their characters. The FATHER AND SON LIBRARY solves this problem in an interesting, simple, practical way. It will show you how to be a real "pal" to your son, how to grow up with him, make him the *real* man you want him to be. In short it gives you the secret to successful fatherhood.

Send to-day for the free book that explains in detail the wide and inclusive scope of this wonderful new library. Read the synopsis of the 20 pocket-size volumes comprising the library. Read the complete list of editors. Here are persons whose messages and counsels will count hugely in his character development. You owe it to yourself and your boy to send to-day for this valuable book. It will be sent to you absolutely free. Just mail the coupon, a letter, or a postcard.

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A Real Climatic Change

The character of this country shows that it was once covered with a glacier. Four million square miles of the North American continent was once buried under thousands of feet of ice. There were men on earth then, and it may be that the memory of the "old-fashioned" winter has come down to us from that far-away time

be checked to-day by accurate statistics. Throughout the world there are more than thirty thousand places at which daily instrumental observations of the weather have been made and recorded for many years. In the United States alone there are upward of six thousand weather stations. Many of the records, in both the Old World and the New, extend far back into the eighteenth century.

Such statistics have been repeatedly examined for evidence of climate changes, and the results of these investigations may be stated as follows:

First, the climates of the world are pretty much the same now as they were decades and centuries ago. So far as America is concerned, our colonial ancestors and our immediate progenitors experienced the same varieties of weather that prevail at the present day. There have always been occasional periods of extreme heat or cold, drought or moisture. Every now and then there has been a winter of the kind that now goes under the misleading designation of "old-fashioned." There was one in 1917-18. It demoralized railway traffic and played havoc with the plans of the Fuel Administration. It was a winter that will be remembered by those who suffered through it, and it will probably be talked about as *typical* of the climate prevailing in this country "at the time of the great World War"—but it was nothing of the kind. It was altogether an exceptional winter, and there has never been a time since the beginning of American history when similar winters were *not* exceptional.

Second, a great deal of evidence has been offered to prove that variations of weather from year to year tend to run in "cycles." It is contended that groups of years in which the weather is warmer or drier than the average tend to alternate with groups of years in which it is cooler or wetter.

Strange to say, though enough has been written about these supposed "weather cycles" to fill a good-sized library, no sort of agreement has yet been reached about them in scientific circles. Many different "cycles" have been announced by different investigators, and the subject grows more bewildering from year to year. The most famous of these "cycles" is known as the "Bruckner period." According to Prof. Eduard Bruckner, the weather in most parts of the world passes through cool and wet phases, alternating with warm and dry phases, at intervals that *average* thirty-five years, but that actually vary between twenty and fifty years.

In the remote past, of which geology furnishes the record, climates were, at times, radically different from those of to-day. About four million square miles of the North American continent was once buried under thousands of feet of ice. Since we have proof that there were then human beings on earth, it is just possible that the universal belief in the "old-fashioned" winter may be a tradition handed down from that far-away time. Who knows?

His New Invention Finds and Corrects Mistakes in English

Are you sure that you speak and write correctly? If you are like most people you are making mistakes every day which hurt more than you know. If you would be sure of yourself in every situation you must be certain that your English is faultless.

AS a result of thousands of tests, Sherwin Cody found that the average person is only 61% efficient in the vital points of English. In a five-minute conversation, or in an average one-page letter, from five to fifty errors will appear. It is surprising to see how many experienced stenographers fall down in spelling such common words as "business," "abbreviate," etc. It is astonishing how many business men say "between you and I" instead of "between you and me," and use "who" for "whom," and mispronounce the simplest words. Few people know whether to use one or two "c's" or "m's" or "r's," whether to spell words with "ie" or "ei," and when to use commas in order to make their meaning absolutely clear.

A Remarkable Discovery

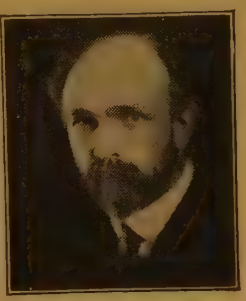
Mr. Cody has specialized in English for the past twenty years. But instead of going along in the old way he has applied scientific principles to teaching the correct use of our language. He made tens of thousands of tests of his various devices before inventing his present method. In all his tests he found that the trouble with old methods is that points learned do not stick in the mind. In school you were asked to remember rules, and if you forgot the rules you never could tell what was right and what was wrong. For the past five years Mr. Cody has worked almost day and night to find a way to replace bad habits in writing and speech with good ones. And as a result of his experience he evolved his wonderful new

Self-Correcting Method

Mr. Cody was granted a patent on his unique device, and now he places it at your disposal. This invention is simple, fascinating, time-saving, and incomparably efficient. You do the lesson given on any page, then you see exactly how Mr. Cody himself would correct it. You mark your errors and check them in the first blank column. Next week you try that page again, on the second unmarked sheet, correct your errors, and check them in the second column. You see at a glance what you have learned and what you have failed to remember, until you have reached the 100% point in spelling, punctuation, grammar, and expression.

Only 15 Minutes a Day

A remarkable advantage of Mr. Cody's course is the speed with which these habit-forming practice drills can be carried out. You can write the answers to fifty questions in 15 minutes, and correct your work in five minutes more. You waste no time in going over the things you already know. Your efforts are automatically concentrated on the *mistakes* you are in the habit of making, and through constantly being shown the *right* way, you soon acquire the *correct* habit in place of the *incorrect* habit. There are no rules to remember. There is no tedious copying. There is no heart-breaking drudgery.



Sherwin Cody

New Book Free

Every time you talk, every time you write, you show what you are. Your English reveals you as nothing else can. When you use the wrong word, when you mispronounce a word, when you misspell a word, when you punctuate incorrectly, when you use flat, ordinary words, you handicap yourself. If you feel your lack of Language Power, if you are ever embarrassed by mistakes, if you cannot command the exact words to express your ideas, our new booklet "How to Speak and Write Masterly English" will prove a revelation to you. Merely mail the coupon, and it will be sent by return mail. Learn how Sherwin Cody's new invention makes command of language easy to gain in 15 minutes a day.

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Please send me at once your Free Book, "How to Speak and Write Masterly English."

Mr.....

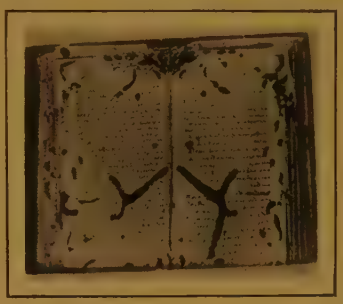
Address.....

City.....State.....

THE REAL BOOKWORM

WHEN the United States took over the Philippine Island government after the Spanish-American War, American officials were almost unable to proceed with administrative work. Hundreds of land-office ledgers and other record books had been destroyed by bookworms. When they were opened, the shredded pages fell to the floor like snowflakes.

Most people think that the bookworm is a library myth; or that the only veritable bookworm is the human kind. William R. Reinicke, Brooklyn scientist, knows differently, however. Studying bookworms has been his hobby. He has even raised them to learn their habits. And, instead of one, he has found that there are one hundred and sixty different kinds of them that crawl, tear, bite, and fly.



Bookworms' Work

Tunnels and galleries made in an old volume by one variety of bookworm. Old books are delicacies to him

The worst offender is the *Sitodrepa panicea*, whose favored menu is old and rare books. He is found all over the world, and has a long and bad record; as far back as 450 B. C. he was mentioned by Evenus of Paros, a Greek poet. His first picture was printed in Hook's "Micrographia" in 1665. He is said to destroy more books in a year than fire and water combined.

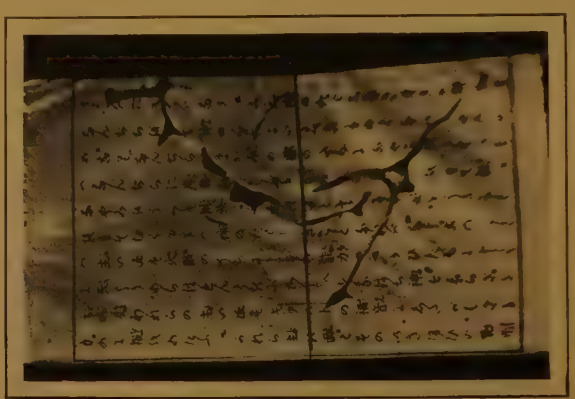
Difference in tastes makes different kinds of insects attack different kinds of books. The majority of them like the paste used in bindings. Woodborers prefer books made of wood-pulp paper. Some seek the fats and oils in parchment. One variety likes the coloring matter in bindings, dyes that are generally poisonous, but on which this kind of bookworm thrives.

Some bookworms bore completely through a book. In one instance forty-five volumes on a shelf were tunneled from one end to the other. In another there was a little tunnel leading to a cavity the size of a walnut in the center of a book. Some are cut into strips; others pierced by thousands of galleries.

Two volumes of "Congressional Records" left for years in a cellar were found to have been turned into clay by white ants. The paper on which they were printed had contained a large amount of white clay filler which was unassimilable. Instead of two books, the ants left two blocks of clay full of termite tunnels and containing, here and there, a printed fragment. The paper in which the books had been wrapped was not eaten.

The books of the first printers, made when printing was a fine art, —many of them priceless—contain the most elaborate bookworm galleries. Even their board sides and sheepskin bindings will be thoroughly perforated. The pages of some of the most beautiful of them have been cut to ribbons.

Tunnel-boring worms are mostly larvæ of the beetle family, although the beetles themselves make galleries in books. White ants are the most destructive book eaters. They do more damage than all other kinds combined. They are not content with boring holes but eat the whole contents of a book. Another book pest, the silver fish, found in warm and dry climates, lunches on coated papers and even eats the film off photographs. Book scorpions, those minute specks which are often seen scampering across the page, have never been detected doing specific damage.



They Like Japanese Paper

Pages of a Japanese book from which large pieces have been eaten by a variety of bookworm that feeds especially on rice paper. Different bookworms have different tastes

Though the moonlight was behind them, they cast no shadow!

"Battling Against a Human Vampire!"

What was this mysterious thing that made monsters out of innocent young girls—that made every mother clutch her baby to her breast in nameless terror? What was it that drew strong men trembling into the realm of the Un-dead—those pitiful creatures who no longer live, but who are deprived of even the kindness of death?

Jonathan Harker started to Transylvania on an everyday business trip. What did it mean as he neared the end of his journey when the peasants pressed around him begging him to go no farther? Why did one woman press into his hand a rosary and another a crucifix?

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In all literature you can find nothing equaling these for weird mystery and adventure—nothing surpassing them in romance and clever situations—nothing so well illustrating the keenest workings of the trained human mind.

Great thinkers—statesmen and business men—all say they get the greatest mental relaxation from reading a really good adventure or detective story.

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Sending the coupon puts you under no obligation whatever. If you find, after examining the books, that you do not like them, you may return them at our expense. But if you want them at their present low price and easy terms, you must be prompt. Better be sure than sorry—so sign and mail the coupon to-day.

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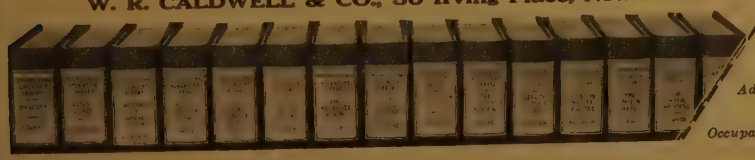


Mtr. 3-22

W. R. Caldwell & Co.
30 Irving Place
New York

Please send me, all charges prepaid, set of Adventure Library, in 15 volumes, beautifully bound in dark maroon de luxe vellum, with duo color art title labels. If the books are not satisfactory, I will return them at your expense within ten days. Otherwise I will send you $1 per month for 17 months. ($16.15 cash.)

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

THE WORLD'S FINEST THEATER

THE costliest theater in the world is nearing completion. For years it has stood in a half-finished state in the heart of the City of Mexico. The National Theater, whose total cost for building and furnishing will approach $20,000,000, was begun during the administration of the late President Porfirio Diaz, and had to do with his downfall. It was charged that the government theater was an extravagance that put a prostrating tax upon the poor people of the country, who would never have use of it. During all the turmoil of revolution that followed the collapse of the Diaz régime, the skeleton of the theater stood unfinished, a specter in steel. At one time it was proposed that the structure be demolished, and the materials sold for junk.

© Keystone View

Mexico's National Theater

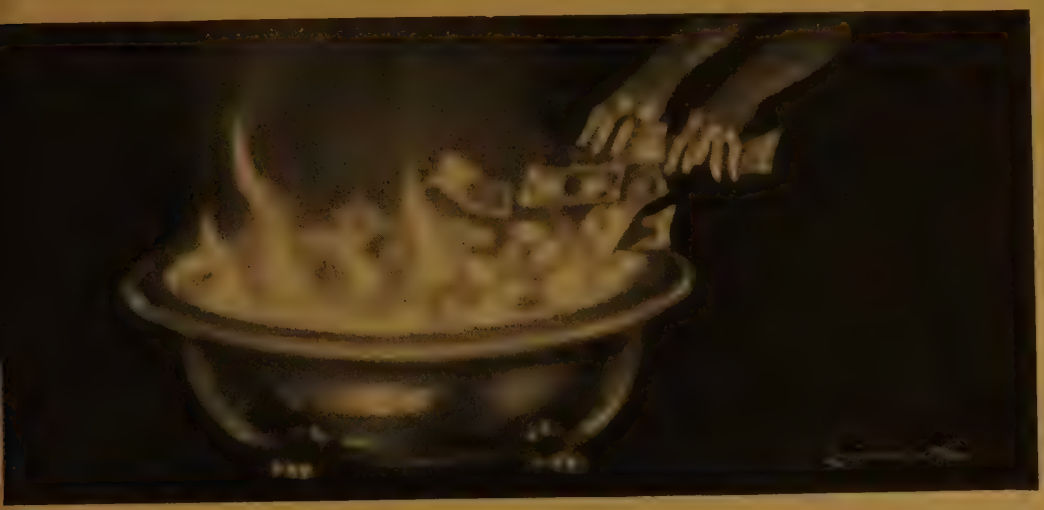
The delay in finishing the vast white marble building has been due to another reason, a mechanical one, unique in the world. As a traveler expresses it, "Mexico City does not stand; it floats. With one exception—the cathedral—its great buildings are so many ships."

When Cortez conquered Mexico, the city stood on an island surrounded by the waters of a shallow lake. As the centuries passed and the valley was gradually drained, a mudhole remained, and on it was founded the Spanish city of Mexico. Though this bed of mud has acted as a protection against earthquake shocks, it plainly offers a serious problem to engineers. Originally, before the conditions were understood, buildings were erected upon ordinary foundations, with the result that they have ever since been sinking gradually into the mud, and sometimes overturning. The beautiful edifice of the School of Mines, in Mexico City, is gradually disappearing into the silt and slush of the city's foundation. Its ground-floor windows are completely submerged, and the front "is bowed as though made of India rubber."

Architects and engineers of the present day usually omit entirely the foundations of buildings erected in Mexico City. They spread on the mud a thin surface of concrete, supported by steel girders, and extend it for a considerable distance around the building. For some reason the architects of the National Theater did not follow this well-established plan, but dug down into the mud and laid an elaborate network of cement and tremendously heavy girders. Result, the weight of the foundation carried it into the mud, even before any superstructure had been erected.

Engineers tried to stabilize the foundation by sinking huge quantities of liquid cement below them, in the belief that when it hardened it would hold up the building. This operation, however, did not have the hoped-for effect, and a corner of the great edifice sank another twelve feet. Experts said the thing could be accomplished only by creating a sort of raft of reinforced concrete and floating the building on it. It was predicted by many that it would be impossible ever to complete the building, and that it would be cheaper to pull the whole thing down and start again. A solution has been found, however, and before many months have passed the dome will be completed, and the interior made ready for occupancy.

Millions of dollars have already been spent, and President Obregon has recently authorized an additional outlay of $6,000,000. It is said that the new National Theater will be the most magnificent of its kind in the world. It is three times larger than that of the Grand Opera House of Paris, and the Government will need to provide an enormous subsidy for its annual upkeep. One of the unique features of the theater is its beautiful glass mosaic curtain, showing a distant view of Mt. Popocatepetl. This was made in the Tiffany studios, New York, and has a fascinating story of its own.



So another $16,000 went into the flame

HE walked into the office of the Alexander Hamilton Institute late one day and enrolled for the Modern Business Course and Service.

"Too bad I didn't do this two years ago," he said, "it would have saved me $16,000."

"It took me a long time to get that $16,000 together," he continued, "almost five years of hard work and rigid economy. And it lasted just exactly six months after I set up in business for myself. You have a Lecture in your Modern Business Course—something about organizing a successful business."

"Oh, yes," said the Institute man, "you mean 'The Essentials of a Successful Enterprise.'"

"That's it," he replied. "I picked up that Lecture in a friend's home the other night. . . . It's a bitter thing to confess but it's true—if I had had just that single Lecture, just that tiny fraction of your Course and Service I would be $16,000 richer today."

He held out his hand.

"I'm glad to be enrolled," he concluded. "But tell me if you can, why didn't I do it two years ago?"

* * * * *

IN a home in a New England city a man and his wife sat discussing the Modern Business Course and Service. And while he hesitated, she leaned across the table and spoke:

The flame that consumes the lives of men; that licks up businesses and devours the hopes of millions of homes.

All men contribute something to feed that flame; some men contribute everything; for the flame is Indecision.

"Just think, John," she said.

"You have been where you are for more than fourteen years.

"Fourteen years of petty salary increases and hopes deferred—of expecting always that next year would bring the opportunity that has never come.

"How can you hesitate?" she demanded, "you ought to have enrolled ten years ago."

* * * * *

IN an office a vigorous man of thirty-four filled in his enrolment blank and pushed it across the desk with a smile. Then rummaging around in the top drawer he produced a faded coupon and held it up.

"I clipped that from one of your advertisements in 1917 and never sent it in," he said to the Institute representative. "I have just one criticism of you folks. Why don't you say something in your advertising that would tell a man plainly what a fool he is to 'put it off.'"

The sad procession of wasted years

In that single paragraph he summed up the whole problem of the Alexander Hamilton Institute.

The facts about the Institute are known to hundreds of thousands of ambitious men.

Many a man seeing the progress these others have made says:

"Some day I will investigate that training for myself."

But he puts it off, and the days lengthen into months and the months into years.

Are you such a man? Are you one who is paying for this training without receiving its benefits? Paying in opportunities that pass you by because you have not the courage to reach out and make them your own? Paying in years of routine progress when the progress might be swift and sure? Paying in the most precious currency in the world—the hopes you have built for the future of your wife, and your children and home?

Will you, in justice to yourself and to them, spend one single evening with the facts? The facts have been condensed for busy men into a 120-page book.

"Forging Ahead in Business"

It tells just what the Modern Business Course and Service is and does; just how it has been used by men whose position and problem were precisely like yours. Will you "put it off"? Or will you clip the coupon now?

Alexander Hamilton Institute

406 Astor Place, New York City

Send me "Forging Ahead in Business" which I may keep without obligation.

Name.....
Print here

Business Address.....

.....

Business Position.....

Canadian address, C.P.R. Building, Toronto; Australian address, 42 Hunter St., Sydney

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THE WOMAN BEHIND TRAFALGAR

"TAKE care of my poor Lady Hamilton," gasped Lord Nelson dying. "*Remember*, I leave her and my daughter to my country." On the eve of the Battle of Trafalgar he wrote a last paragraph in his diary, recounting her services to England, and begging the nation's generosity to the woman of his heart.

England, cold to his plea, paid no attention to the dying request of the hero of Trafalgar. An earldom, a great estate, and an hereditary annuity of $25,000 were given to a brother he disliked. Lady Hamilton, responsible for Nelson's going to sea after retirement, and winning, in 1805, a victory over the Franco-Spanish fleets that destroyed forever Napoleon's naval power, died ten years later in disgrace and penury. Yet, "Did I not share in his glory? Even the last fatal victory: it was I bade him go forth. Did he not call me brave Emma, and said, 'If there were more Emmas, there would be more Nelsons.'"

Lady Hamilton as "Circe"
From a painting by George Romney

Recently a movement has been started to make amends by removing the body of the famous beauty from a grave on French soil to a place in Westminster Abbey. It is not certain that the Dean of Westminster will consent to the burial of the notorious enchantress in the British Pantheon. Her open association with Nelson scandalized the nation. Undeniably, the fascinating Emma had opportunity to serve England, and was always eager to do so. As the wife of Sir William Hamilton, British envoy at Naples, and the confidante of the Neapolitan queen, Maria Carolina, during the years of the Napoleonic wars, she was often useful, even necessary, to her Government. Information she secured in 1796 was of vital service to the fleet in Nelson's Nile Campaign.

Emily Lyon, afterwards called "Emma" by her admirers, was born in 1765. Her father was an illiterate blacksmith. Before she was sixteen, the child who was to become an international celebrity attracted lovers and became involved in madcap adventures. In later years Alexandre Dumas wrote a novel, "*Souvenir d'une Favorite*," that was a highly embroidered story of the life of the fair Emma.

In London she worked as parlor maid, waited in a shop, posed in stage tableaux. Poor as she was bewitching, "a girl in reall distres," she came under the protection of the fastidious Sir Charles Francis Greville. To Romney, the famous portraitist, she gave three hundred sittings. She sat for Gainsborough, Lawrence, Reynolds, Vigée Lebrun, and many other noted artists. Romney painted the violet-eyed, auburn-haired country girl as Circe, Joan of Arc, and St. Cecilia, as Comedy and Tragedy, as Seamstress, Gypsy, and Ambassadress. "The Ambassadress" was completed after Emma had become the wife of Sir William Hamilton. He had seen her in the studio of his nephew, Sir Charles Greville, and had made a bargain to pay his nephew's debts in exchange for the adored Emma. In Naples her charm, wit, and good nature won all—Goethe, the poet, Italian ladies of quality, bishops, and diplomats. To Nelson, as to Romney, she was a muse of inspiration. A saint he called her. "My dearest, beloved Emma," he wrote in the last letter that reached her: "The enemies' combined fleet is coming out of port. May the God of Battles crown my endeavors with success; at all events I will take care that my name shall ever be most dear to you and Horatia, both of whom I love as much as my own life."

Ann Foster Chapin.

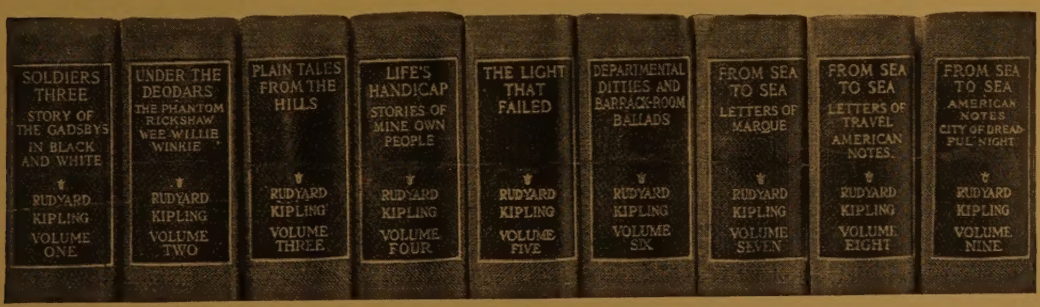
Good News For Lovers of Kipling

DO YOU know Kipling? Do you know and love the Kipling humor, the Kipling philosophy? Then you will be delighted to hear of a new selection of his wonderful stories and poems at a lower price than has ever been achieved in any other Kipling edition. Moreover, here is a challenge: do you know *all*? Even the keenest followers of Kipling find some new inspiration, some formerly undiscovered treasure, whenever they explore his diverting pages. How much remains undiscovered for you? A profound insight into human nature, an ability to tell a thrilling story of strange people and strange places—these great gifts of Rudyard Kipling have expressed themselves in so many stories, poems, and essays that the 9-volume set of selected works will be a veritable storehouse of new treasures.

For example, have you ever read *The Mark of the Beast*? According to the most discerning of critics Kipling has produced in *The Mark of the Beast* the best thing of its kind in literature, "even Maupassant pales by comparison." Kipling has never been surpassed in the horror story. But *The Mark of the Beast* is just one of the 110 Short Stories in this set. Do you know *The Phantom Rickshaw*, a weird fantasy of love, or *The Man Who Would Be King*, a strange tale of thwarted ambition and strife for a crown in a remote Himalayan valley, or *A Bank Fraud*, which is Kipling mingled crime and humor, or *The City of Dreadful Night*, one of the great divisions of "From Sea to Sea"?

If you do not know Kipling; if you do not know this fearless, bold, supreme master of literature—then here is a rare opportunity for you to meet Fuzzy-Wuzzy ("a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin' man"), or Gunga-Din ("you limpin' lump o' brick dust, Gunga Din!"), or to travel the Road to Mandalay ("where the flyin' fishes play, an' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!"). These are just a few of the treasures in the 92 poems in one volume of this wonderful set.

And besides these stories and poems you will also own that tremendous triumph *The Light That Failed* and the *Letters of Marque*, and *American Notes*.



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Gentlemen: I am interested in your proposition in *The Mentor*. Please send the 9-volume AUTHORIZED EDITION OF RUDYARD KIPLING for my inspection. Within 5 days I will either return the books or send you $2 promptly and $2 a month for 5 months. It is understood that if I want to remit the entire amount upon receipt of the books you will allow me a 5% discount.

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A PRIZE QUESTIONNAIRE

NO FEATURE of The Mentor has arrested more attention, or aroused more active interest in our readers, than the Questionnaire that we printed in our September number. Hundreds of readers have written to us about it, and have applied for the printed list of answers that we made up to meet the demand. Many have asked us to prepare another questionnaire. In response to that request we are giving you now a set of twelve questions with prizes for the best answers.

The present number of The Mentor is devoted to the rarest books in the world, so we make this a Book Questionnaire.

We have prepared questions that are altogether fair. You will find here no demand for special expert knowledge, no difficult and no trick questions. Each question simply calls for knowledge of a book so well known and so generally read that every well-informed individual ought to be familiar with it. If any reader is *not* familiar with these books he can easily become so in the time allowed for this competition—and that will be his gain, in addition to the chance of winning a prize.

And now about the prizes. The Mentor will give $5.00 for the best answer to *each one of these* questions. The same individual may win the prize for every question, or $60.00 in all. The best answer means the most competent answer—the most comprehensive, concise, and intelligently written. In deciding among several answers, equally full and correct in information, preference will be given to the answer that is written in the most simple, clear, and interesting style. Do not exceed 100 words in any answer.

---

1. Who was the original Robinson Crusoe, and what was his story?

2. What were the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, and what did they stand for?

3. Who was the Wandering Jew? In what books does he appear?

4. What was the Magic Skin, and what was its power?

5. Who were the Lilliputians?

6. What was the real name of the author of Alice in Wonderland, and what was his profession?

7. What great dramatic incident in romantic fiction is associated with the prison *Chateau d'If*, in the Mediterranean?

8. Who was the "Black Knight" in Walter Scott's novels, and what part did he play in history?

9. Who was Sydney Carton, and what was the supreme act of his life?

10. Who was "The Man without a Country," and what was his story?

11. Who was The Giant Despair?

12. Who were the following characters and in what books do they figure? Nydia, the Blind Girl—Natty Bumppo—Messala—Cosette—Flora MacIvor—Mulvaney—Beatrix Castlewood—Dandy Dinmont—Tito Melema—John Silver—Allesandro—Gavin Dishart—Miss Meadows—Rab, Red Wull, and Buck.

All sets of answers must be in our hands on or before March 25th. That gives full three weeks in which readers can gather information—sufficient time for library reference, so that answers can be carefully prepared.

All answers should be addressed to the Editor of Prize Questionnaire, Mentor Editorial Office, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

W. D. Moffat

EDITOR.

Aiming at a Common Bull's-eye

Starting from the rough glass, the Kodak Anastigmat is Eastman made. The organization that makes the camera also makes the lens. Obviously, then, the lens expert does not have the generality "camera" in mind but rather a specific model of known capabilities in a specific size and with a specific shutter. The camera builder and the lens maker are aiming—not at a common target—but at a common bull's-eye.

As a result, on the camera to which it is fitted, any Kodak Anastigmat at its indicated speed is *at least* the equal in depth, sharpness and flatness of field of any anastigmat made, regardless of price.

The better you understand your lens, the better will be your pictures. You will find our little booklet "About Lenses" interesting—and worth while. It's free—and we should be glad to mail you a copy.

Eastman Kodak Company
Rochester, N. Y.

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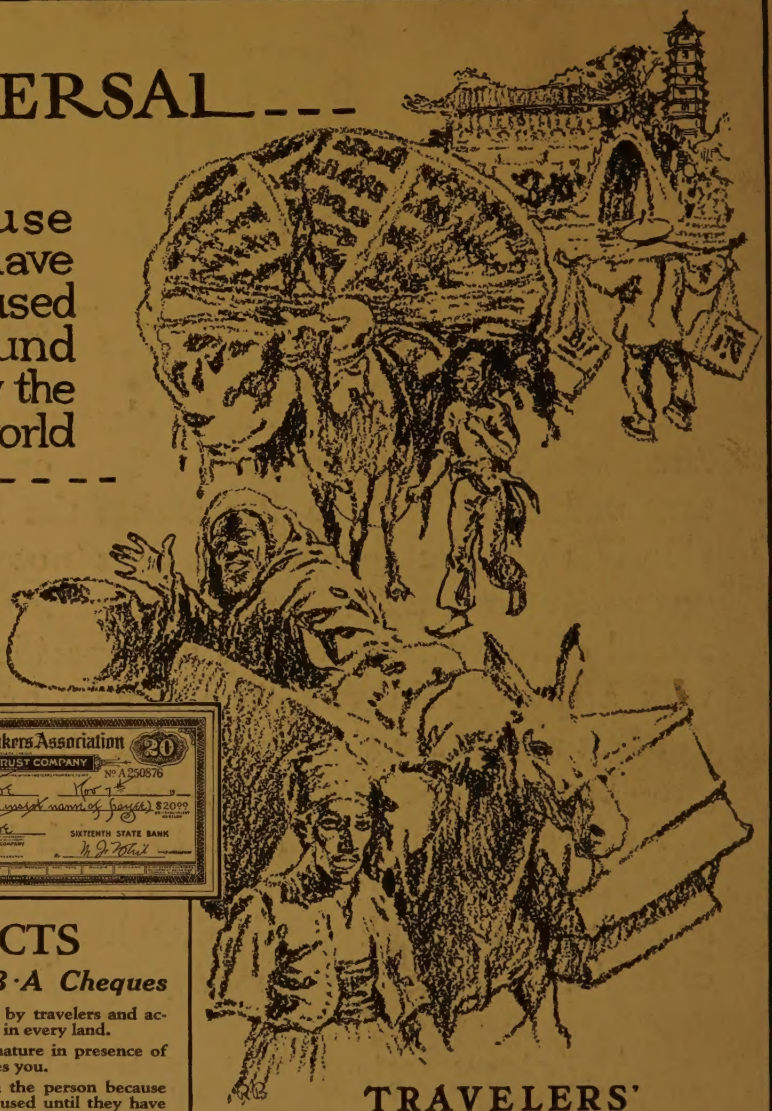
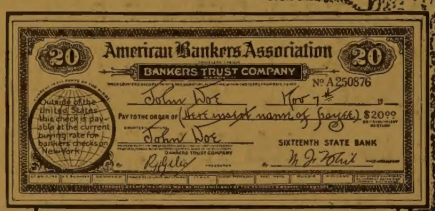
---because they have been used and found worthy the wide world over - - - - -





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